

# The New-York Weekly Magazine;

## OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1795.

[No. 5.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,  
Accompanied with some ORIGINAL REFLECTIONS,  
Compiled for the WEEKLY MAGAZINE,

" —— Every moral charm,  
" That leads in sweet captivity the mind  
" To virtue." ——

THOMSON.

HOW blest is the lot of the virtuous man! — He conceiters not all his enjoyments in himself, therefore are his enjoyments independent of any personal misfortune. He endures pain, he embraces toil, without considering them as evils; if he can render them conducive to the tranquility of his fellow-creatures, he feels the pure, the delightful conviction that he has acted well; and the benefits he has been able to confer, are to him inexhaustible sources of heartfelt felicity. He looks back on the past, he sees nothing to regret; he looks forward to the future, and a just hope leads him to the view of bliss unutterable and eternal!

— Why in each breast  
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,  
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?  
Tell why on unknown evil grief attends,  
Or joy on secret good? My conscience acts  
With tenfold force, when sickness, age or pain  
Stands tott'ring on the precipice of death;  
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul  
Of dying sinners; while the good man sleeps  
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires.

FRIENDSHIP, the sweetest blessing that we taste below, the gift of Heaven! It is not capriciously formed in a moment, it demands the experience of time; it requires that two hearts should be moulded into one: It requires, if we may use the expression, to be united with all the powers of the soul to the object of our inclination: This sure is bliss, if bliss on earth there be.

— My greatest wish—a FRIEND, whose love  
Knows how to praise, and when reprove;  
From such a treasure I'd not part,  
But hang the jewel on my heart.

ON how slight a spray will HOPE build her nest.

WHERE is happiness to be found? and what is that chimera which eludes the pursuit of mankind? A meteor that leads to a precipice. 'Tis fancied that a virtuous passion might strew a few roses among the thorns of life; and that, considering our mutual wants and dependencies on each other, the heart might look out for a kindred soul, and by yielding to the allurements of sympathy, feel all the delights of mutual confidence. But it too often happens, when we do meet that kindred heart, our flattering hopes of felicity are wounded, by a thousand little inconsistancies springing from a desire of conformity to the opinions of the world, not considering, that happiness should be "our being's end and aim."

My peaceful bosom knows no guilty fears,  
No whining sorrow, nor ambitious cares;  
But in the robe of homely meekness dress'd,  
With thee, CONTENT, sweet smiling nymph I'm blest;  
Thee, whom the scepter'd monarch pants to gain,  
And laurel'd heroes strive to win in vain;  
Thee, whom the scornful proud have never known,  
Thee, whom the rich can seldom call their own;  
Thee I possess, and while possess'd of thee,  
Far happier am, than even Kings can be.

IT is amazing that men should affect to know every thing, and yet be so deficient in the very first principles of true wisdom—KNOW THYSELF.

EXPERIENCE and obseruation are the light-houses of reason, which direct us in our steerage through the dangerous ocean of life.

WITH what a leaden and retarding weight does expectation load the wings of time!

Set bounds to your zeal by discretion, to error by truth, to passion by reason, to divisions by charity.

Vain his dependance who depends on wealth.  
On future fame or happiness below;  
E'en thus the sordid miser heaps his pelf,  
For future uses which he ne'er can know.

'Till age advance, and on him lays his hand,  
Treats his strong base, and shakes his manly frame;  
'Gainst his repeated strokes no longer stand,  
But glides away in life's decreasing stream.

LEONORA DE VALESCO.  
A SPANISH HISTORY.—*Continued from page 27.*

NOTHING of moment happening to impede his passage, I shall pass over the particulars till the time of his arrival, where he was received by all the officers with great demonstrations of friendship, his behaviour having been such, as had made him universally esteemed. He laid before Kerme the propositions he had in charge as to the public affairs, and as there were many points in them on purpose ordered so as to require some debate before they could be answered, he had time to make the interrogatories he had promised concerning Leonora; but being able to discover nothing of her from any of those of whom he had enquired, he began to be almost out of hope: perceiving however, the Chevalier Lumley to be a person infinitely esteemed by Kerme, he bethought himself of speaking to him, his affability and good humour giving him frequent opportunities. Lumley wished also for an interview with him; he knew he came from Buenos-Ayres, and though he durst not seem to know any thing of Don Bernardo, or the Marquis de Padille, yet he was in hopes he might hear something from him of those dear persons. It happened as they were sitting together one day, Montrosse said: Since my captivity I have had occasion to remark an example of constancy greater than I have ever read of in history: It is of a young Spanish Grandee called Don Fernando Marquis de Padille, who having been contrated some time ago to a beautiful virgin named Leonora, and separated from her by our invasion, when she was taken prisoner, has never since known one tranquil hour; his whole thoughts are bent on the means of recovering her; all his talk is of her beauty, and his insupportable misfortune: he has been in search of her in London; has ranged the seas, and vows to know no rest till he either sees or hears tidings of her. He dwelt the longer on this description, because from the first mention of those names, he saw something of an unusual disorder in the Chevalier Lumley, which made him imagine he was not unacquainted with the story, and that probably he was the person who had all this time concealed Leonora, and was the rival of Don Fernando. Vexed with himself, therefore, that he had discovered what he now thought would not only be a hindrance to his endeavours of hearing any thing of her, but also engage the Chevalier Lumley to keep her more closely concealed than ever, he thought it best to remove the fears which he imagined his words had occasioned of the Marquis de Padille, and renewed his discourse in these terms; I thought that so lasting a tenderness could never be too much applauded, I conceived for him an esteem which cannot be expressed: but since I left Buenos-Ayres, I have been informed by one who came from that place and overtook me on my way, that by the persuasion of his friends, who all believed Leonora dead, he has consented to marry another, who they say is a young lady of exquisite beauty and great riches. With what a fiery red was now the face of the Chevalier overspread, and how death-like a pallor immediately ensued! Scarce could all his courage enable him to stand this shock, and fearing he should give proofs of his concern, which were no ways

agreeable to the sex he had assumed, nor to a person who was a stranger to the affair discoursed of, he took a hasty leave of Montrosse, pretending sudden business. The other, who attentively had watched every motion of his countenance, imagined the latter alterations there to proceed from his joy, to be told the only man in the world who could deprive him of Leonora, was about to give up his right to her, by engaging himself with another: He was strengthened in this belief by the knowledge he had of the intimacy between him and Kerme, and having been told that the Chevalier Lumley had but lately entered himself in the army, and consequently had not been in the expedition at Jamaica, he doubted not but Kerme had made a present of the beautiful prisoner to him, to engage a man of his figure in his service. Confident therefore that he was not deceived in his conjectures, he made no farther enquiry, but returned to the Marquis de Padille with this melancholy account.

But the affliction of that constant lover, great as it was, was at least equalled by that of the disconsolate Leonora: Thou feest, said she to Beatrix, who had taken the name of Ovesby, what reason I had to complain of the indifference and ingratitude of Don Fernando: Could he ever love me as he ought, who could forget me in so small a space as two years?—No, no, it was but a light and transient passion with which he regarded me, which, though violent for a time, had no solid foundation;—his change is no doubt the effect of inclination, and he but pretends an unwillingness, fearing my return, and that I should have the weakness to wish the performance of that contract between us. Ovesby was astonished at the recital, but could not believe it real; he went in search of Montrosse, to talk with him about it, but came too late; he had that moment received his answer from Kerme, and was departed from Port-Royal, and this afflicted confidant remained in the utmost suspense.

Shortly after this, Kerme having executed his commission in Jamaica, prepared to range the seas, and attack all the Spanish vessels in his way: and he did this with so much expedition, that he had left Port-Royal before the Spaniards had any thing in readiness to oppose him; in effect, he rode triumphant about their coasts, taking their ships even in view of their very ports. The Marquis de Padille was half distract at being retarded from his vowed revenge by the dilatory disposition of the Captain-General: the information he had received from Montrosse, made him conceive a greater hatred to the name of Lumley than before he had borne to that of Kerme; and the description which he had given him of the exceeding beauty of this young warrior, made him burn with a desire of encountering a rival so formidable to his hopes.

For some weeks had Kerme been abroad, and successful in all his undertakings, scarce meeting with any opposition, till one day a mariner, who was in the scuttle of the mast, crying out, a sail, a sail! they ran immediately to the perspective glass, and took it to be a Spanish vessel, being built after the manner of that nation. The wind was favourable, and Kerme made up to it with full sail; but coming near, he saw it had English colours, and then took it for a ship sent out on the same design with him.

self, and therefore neglected any preparations for offence. But how great was his surprize, when being arrived within the reach of their cannon, he saw himself attacked, and that so warmly, that he found it required his utmost courage and vigour to resist!

This conduct made him know it was a pirate whom he had to deal with, and that nothing but the last extremity would oblige those sort of people to yield; he therefore exhorted his soldiers to courage, and animated them as much as possible by his example; but the enemy presuming on former successes, had the boldness, having now gotten the wind on their side, to clasp their grapping-irons on the ship, and attempt to board her; but the English now did wonders, and several times repulsed them. But what was most surprising, was the actions of the Chevalier Lumley, who with sword in hand ran into the thickest of the fight, and while he seemed to court danger, was only capable of giving it. Many there were who received death from his hand, and none opposing, or being able to withstand him, he was the first who jumped on the deck of his foes, and being followed by Kerme and the rest, did such things, as by those who knew her sex might be reckoned supernatural; despair had armed her hand, the fear of falling into the power of pirates, where she could have but little hope of securing either her life or honour, joined to that desire of death which the supposed infidelity of Don Fernando had caused in her, together with her natural courage, gave her the sole glory of subduing this formidable enemy. Those of the pirates who escaped the sword were chained, and put under hatches, and after all other necessary precautions for securing the vessel were taken, not only the officers, but the whole ship's crew, joined in one general acclamation of joy and praise of the Chevalier Lumley; the pirates themselves acknowledging, that to the valour of that young hero alone it was they owed their defeat. Though Kerme's surprize was infinitely greater than could be felt by those who knew not the sex of the Chevalier, yet was it far inferior to the pleasure he received, at hearing such encomiums bestowed on a person so dear to him. He made him a thousand retributions for the service he had done him, confessing that it was to him he owed his victory; all the other officers unanimously, and without envy, approved of what their chief had said, and for some hours nothing was to be heard but applauses of the Chevalier. Little however, was he capable of tasting the glory he had acquired; despair and the fear of a shameful slavery having deprived him during the action of all thought of danger, he now seemed displeased at the continuance of his existence, thinking it would have been a greater happiness to have lost that life which his misfortunes made him weary of, than to have received these praises.

Kerme having found immense riches in the vessel of the pirates, which they had taken indifferently from those of all nations who were so unhappy as to fall into their hands; he called together his whole complement of men, and telling them that since they had fought so well, they should not go without the recompence of their valour, and as no person knew so well what they had done as him who led them on, and had been foremost in danger, he would request the Chevalier Lumley to make a distribu-

tion among them, according to the merit of each particular person. The choice he had made was universally approved, and though the modesty of the Chevalier would have refused this honour, yet being very much pressed, he was obliged to accept it. But if his valour in battle excited the admiration of every one who beheld him; his prudence now had an equal effect; for with so many graces did he accompany this distribution, that there was not one who received it but was satisfied with his lot, tho' ever so small, and acknowledged the distinction just.

Among the number of those who were charmed with the virtues of our female warrior, was Colonel Ivon, an Irish gentleman, a man of great wisdom as well as courage, for whom Lumley had a very particular esteem, which he testified on all occasions, paying him a deference which the other was too much pleased with not to observe. The Chevalier respected him as a father, and the Colonel regarded the Chevalier with a tenderness little different from what he would have felt for a son.

After the distribution of the spoil, Kerme, presented himself before the chief of the pirates, and told him he must prepare to suffer the most cruel torments that man could inflict, if he did not inform him of the place where his confederates had their rendezvous; which he refusing to do, he ordered lighted matches to be brought and clapped immediately to his fingers, as an earnest of what he was afterwards to undergo. Kerme had a certain fierceness in his countenance, which with his air and deportment, bespoke a great deal of resolution; and the other not doubting but he would do as he said, and feeling the present anguish, confessed all he demanded of him on condition that he would spare his life; which Kerme readily promised, adding, that he would also give him his liberty: I am certain of it (then said Sirmon, for so was the Captain of the pirates called) since you have said it, and will therefore make you such discoveries as shall deserve your favour. He then told him that he had been a pirate above 12 years, and though he had met with many considerable losses, yet the prizes he had taken from all sorts of nations, had enabled him to keep four ships continually at sea: That the magazine of treasures he had taken was in a little island near Surinam, and that it was he and his companions who had pillaged the last fleet which the Spaniards had sent out for Panama; and concluded by assuring him, that he would furnish the means of recovering it, with treble advantage from the other pirates.

Kerme, charmed with this discovery, assured him that he should not only have his life and liberty, but also, if he performed his promise, he should have an equal share of the booty with any of his officers. And communicating this intelligence to Lumley and the rest, they held a council immediately, where it was agreed that they should set sail for Jamaica, in order to get fresh provisions, and some more troops, before they began their attempt on these common enemies of mankind. Every thing succeeding according to their wish, they soon arrived at Port-Royal, where Kerme found his other vessels lying at anchor expecting his coming; and having provided himself with every thing necessary for his designs, again set out with a fair wind and a courage capable of undertaking the greatest and most difficult enterprize.

(To be continued.)

Letters addressed to YOUNG WOMEN, (married or single) by  
Mrs. GRIFFITH.

LETTER V.  
ON RESIGNATION, AND TRUST IN GOD.

THE tender solicitude I feel for my beloved friends, impels me to send them a few thoughts on the subject of *Resignation* under afflictions to the will of the Almighty; for though surrounded as you are both with every earthly blessing, yet you must not expect to be exempted from the common lot of trial, disappointment, and suffering: as married women, you have not only your own afflictions to surmount, but you must soothe and allay the sorrows of your husbands. One would not, indeed, *on all occasions*, wish to be wholly insensible to disquietude, and we must certainly renounce the most refined delights of our being, if we would on all occasions wish to possess our souls in a *stoical* tranquility.

The great business is, to bring our minds to that *resignation* to the will of the Almighty, as to make it the governing principle of our whole lives, and the chief support under the various troubles of it. But it is our *love* to God which must bring us to a free *resignation* of *our will to His*: as he is most wise and most merciful, we should of necessity conclude that his will is the *best*; the heart must be satisfied that the calamity, whatever it be, that we lament, comes from the hand of God, of whose wisdom, love, and goodness, we have the greatest assurance; and as it does not befall us without his will, we must conclude it is most fit to be borne. Heaven leads us often to happiness by means which mock all human foresight; but which we may be convinced will terminate in our felicity, if we have patience to wait the event. As there are many confused and *ravelled* threads prepared for the loom, which afterwards form the beautiful flower and regular leaf; so is this period of our *beginning* existence also full of many complicated vicissitudes, of which we cannot see the decisive result, but which must arise from the colour of our lives; and these will end well if we calmly wait the grand catastrophe with a resigned dependance and firm reliance on the will of God: we shall then see "The apparent expediency of those light afflictions, which are but for a moment, and be then convinced that they have been working out for us an eternal weight of glory." It is impossible that we should know what *are*, or what are *not* calamities; God does not estimate things as we do. It is equally impossible to suppose that the Deity who has made so many things for our use, and to regale every sense, can neglect our concerns, or misjudge what is proper for us; we may surely (miserable worms as we are) allow God himself to consider what is most *proper* for his own *creatures*, and what is most suitable to our natures, and most profitable for our affairs. Man is perhaps more dear to his Maker than he is to himself; how know we but that the blessing we languish for is only delayed to be increased in its value? Let the most unhappy of mortals only wait the final *upshot* of events, he will then find the gushing tear, the heaving sigh, changed into songs of praise

and hymns of wonder. An intelligent almighty power restrains us, doubtless, from many incidents, which in our present blind state we *miscal* happiness, for the same kind reason which we restrain a simple child, in its helpless infancy, from whatever is pernicious, or absolutely contrary to its preservation. Our wayward desires are often like those of a fretful infant, who cries to put its hand in the fire.

" But God's restraints are merciful as just—  
" By these our selfish passions it corrects;  
" By these from wrong our weakness it protects.  
" See *Furioso* on his keeper frown,  
" Depriv'd the precious privilege to *drown*;  
" Greatly he claims a right to his undoing,  
" The *chains* that hold him, hold him from his *ruin*."

If we take an accurate survey of the events of human life, we shall find continual cause to bless the kind hand of Providence, as much in his *restraints from evil*, as in the *grant of blessings*. As a motive to *resignation*, we should consider how often the Great Disposer of events extracts advantages even from our misfortunes. How often do affairs the most singularly unfortunate, through a chain of very cross accidents, terminate in the most fortunate manner that it is possible to conceive? I have always tho't it a very selfish way, to console ourselves under our losses and misfortunes, by that narrow old maxim, "That others feel the same *calamity*; and that it is no more than what *our neighbours* experience; in short, that it is the fate of *every mortal* in this world to experience sufferings." This uncomfortable reflection, I think, is so far from alleviating our sorrows, that it ought, to a benevolent mind, make them still greater; to a mind endued with tender sensibility, there can surely be no relief or mitigation of its griefs, in reflecting that another person is as wretched as one's self.

By a perfect *resignation* of our will to God, we shall attain that *trust* and *confidence* in his unlimited power, and boundless mercies, which will render us not only *indifferent* but *superior*, to the innumerable changes of this fluctuating state. What is not a devout soul capable of achieving, when it is animated by this divine confidence in that Being, who,

" Boundless spirit all—  
" Adjusts, pervades, and animates the whole!"

There are moments in which the soul, on this occasion, spurns even the weaknesses of its nature, and towers above them all, by her own native energy and enthusiasm of action; which perhaps might well be adduced as one intimation, that we have a divine and immortal spark within us, the generous native of a higher region. What tongue or thought can reach their happiness, who living in a perfect submission to, and trust in an *all-good* and *all-wise* will, are never in the least concerned or troubled what to chuse, but everlastingly follow what an infinite goodness and an infinite wisdom has chosen for them!

[The conclusion of this letter will be given in our next.]

Few are unacquainted with the death of Michel Pelletier, that inflexible Patriot—but several of the circumstances not being generally known, the following succinct account of that unfortunate circumstance is translated for the WEEKLY MAGAZINE, from the third Volume of the Political State of Europe for 1793, in Mr. John Fellow's Circulating Library.

MICHEL PELLETIER St. FARGEAU had been invested under the ancient government with one of the first offices in the Parliament of Paris, and though possessed of an immense fortune, he always shewed himself a defender of popular principles and a friend to liberty. He had dined at the Garden de L'Égalité (ci-devant Palais Royal), at the house of a Restorateur named Février, and was leaning on the bar to pay his reckoning when six persons came from an adjoining apartment, one of whom said: "There is that scoundrel Pelletier"—"My name is Pelletier," replied the Deputy, "but I am no scoundrel." "Did you not vote for the death of the King?" "Yes, I did, but that was a duty imposed upon me by my conscience." Scarcely had he pronounced these words, when the ruffian exclaimed: "Well, receive your reward!" and in the instant plunged his sabre into the lower part of his belly, which occasioned a large and deep wound. The Restorateur endeavoured to seize him, but being much inferior in strength could not prevent his escape. Pelletier requested, with the greatest mildness that the assassin should not be hurt; he then with uncommon resolution drew up an account of the manner in which the crime was committed, and expired a short time after, repeating these words: "I am satisfied," said he, "in shedding my blood for my country. I hope it will serve to consolidate Liberty and Equality, and to make known its enemies."

On the motion of Barrere and Robespierre, the National Convention decreed as a reward for his virtues and the brilliancy of his talents, that he deserved a place in the temple of great men, where, as he fell a victim to the firmness with which he voted for the death of the tyrant, his name will ever be dear to posterity. They also voted that the President should write to his family and transmit them a copy of the decree.

His obsequies were solemnized with the greatest pomp. A vast number of cavalry, canoniers and federates, the popular societies, the judiciary and administrative bodies, the deputies of the Convention, the ministers, the family of the deceased, and a vast crowd of spectators, preceded and followed the funeral car.

The procession proceeded at nine in the morning, from the Place des Piques, (ci-devant Place Vendome,) where formerly stood the statue of Louis XIV. through the street St. Honore, amidst repeated discharges of cannon.

The body was borne by citizens on a bed, the clothes of which were stained with blood, some bloody apparel was borne also on the point of a pike, ornamented with festoons of oak and cypress.

The procession crossed the Pont Neuf, and repaired to the French Pantheon, when it halted until the music had played some mournful and civic tunes.

The body quite naked, and placed on the bed in which the deceased expired, together with his bloody clothes, and the sabre with which he was wounded, had been exposed to the people in the morning on a Pedestal in the Place des Piques. This pedestal was ornamented with white drapery and garlands of cypress. After the music closed, his remains were deposited in the Pantheon, between those of Mirabeau and Voltaire.

The day after this ceremony, the daughter, mother and brother of the deceased Pelletier were admitted to the bar of the Convention.

"The daughter of Michel L. Pelletier," said one of her uncles, "comes to testify to you as well as to the French people, her gratitude for that eternity of glory to which you yesterday raised her father." Then raising the child in his arms, and turning her face round to the whole assembly, he added: "My niece behold thy father; People behold thy child!"

Barrere moved and the Convention decreed, that the Committee of Legislation should the next day present a plan for adoption, and that the Convention, in the name of the French People, should adopt this child.

The Convention also decreed that a competition should be established amongst the artists, for the purpose of procuring a statue executed in the best style, representing Pelletier such as he appeared on his death-bed and also for a painting of the same scene to be hung up in the Hall of the Convention.

He was assassinated, on the day preceding the execution of the King, and just at a time when he was on the point of being married to Madame Fontenay, daughter of the famous Gabarus, who was so long persecuted by the Spanish inquisition.

#### THE COURAGEOUS SOLDIER.

PREVIOUS to the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709, a young Swiss recruit, while his regiments were making, procured a round iron plate, bordered with small holes, which he desired the taylor to fasten on the inside of his coat, above his left breast, that he might not be shot through the heart; the taylor, however, being a humorous fellow, placed it in the seat of his breeches. The cloaths were scarce on the recruit's back, when he was ordered to march into the field, which allowed him no opportunity to displace his awkward piece of armour. He soon found himself engaged in battle; and being obliged to fly before the enemy, in endeavouring to get over a thorn hedge, he stuck fast, till overtaken by one of the pursuers, who instantly with his bayonet, gave him a push in the breech; but the point of the weapon luckily hitting the iron plate, pushed the young soldier, clear from the hedge, and clear from the enemy who passed on, in the full assurance that he had completed his intention. This favourable circumstance induced the Swiss to confess, that the taylor, by judging so nicely of the true residence of his heart, had proved himself the better anatomist of the two.

## HISTORICAL FRAGMENT.

OTHALRIC, Duke of Bohemia, had just added Moravia to his dukedom, after having taken it away from Misicon the king of Poland, when love was very near making him lose his estates. This prince, having obeyed the inclination of his heart, had married Domarodo the daughter of a husbandman. From that marriage he had obtained a son named Brziflas. This young prince having heard mention of the extreme beauty of one Judith, or Jutha, the daughter of Count Albert Othon, surnamed the Sincere, had conceived a violent passion for her. But the extraction of Domarodo his mother having made him apprehensive of experiencing a refusal from Othon, his passion blinded him; and he resolved to get by force what he feared to be not able to obtain by good will.

JUDITH was educated in a convent at Ratizbon. Brziflas, with thirty young Bohemians in his company, repaired to that town. By dint of presents he obtained at last the permission of speaking with Judith. He had the good luck to please her, and inspire her with the desire of becoming his wife. Enchanted with this success, Brziflas hastened to take advantage of the circumstance; and, "having spied the moment when the young boarders went to the evening prayers, he laid hold of Judith, who made no great resistance, and set off with all speed, escorted by the thirty young noblemen his friends. No sooner were they arrived at Prague, but the Bishop Ison performed the ceremony of the nuptials, to which the prince assented."

So Brziflas could not but applaud himself for his happy success. But he was not long before he was made sensible that his passion had blinded him, and prevented his foreseeing the dangers which were the necessary and unavoidable consequences of his bold undertaking. Othon, Judith's father, furious at this conduct towards his daughter, complained most bitterly of it to the emperor Conrad II. surnamed the Salic. This prince promised him to take vengeance of it. He promised him even upon oath, to expel from Bohemia, Othralic and his son, and to make it the seat of the empire. The two armies soon took the field. They were already in presence of each other. A battle was going to decide about the fate of the duke of Bohemia, when Judith, who was the cause or motive of that war, advanced between the two armies, and employed all the eloquence which her attachment for her husband inspired her with, to exhort them to peace. "The contending princes could not resist either her charms, or the eloquence of her reasonings. They put down their arms. Brziflas repaired to the tent of the emperor, who received him with great marks of joy and friendship, and promised him to forgive all that was past." In the midst of the merriment occasioned by so unexpected an event, Conrad remembered the oath he had made of fixing the seat of the empire in the heart of Bohemia, and this remembrance caused him the greatest trouble. Judith, this incomparable woman, found again the means of easing the scruples of the emperor on that account. She conducted him to

Prague with all his court, received him there with the greatest pomp and magnificence; thence she took him to Buntzlau, which is the center of Bohemia, made him ascend the throne which had been prepared there for him, and then Conrad gave to Brziflas the investiture of the dukedom of Bohemia, with a flag, on which was painted a black eagle, which many imagine to have been the old coat of arms of that dukedom.

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ON HABIT—*A FRAGMENT.*

THE force of habit is perceived and acknowledged by every person of discernment. It is allowed to have a more steady controul over our actions, than any other principle or propensity whatever. Such being its influence, too much pains cannot be taken to contract habits that have a useful tendency. Our happiness and usefulness depend on making no material mistakes in this respect.

Right habits as well as wrong, are got by affecting them.

Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarce any thing too strange, or too strong can be asserted of it. The story of the miler, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable.

The principal part of the task in educating youth, consists in preventing the growth of bad habits. It is more difficult to guard the mind against error, than to create a desire to gain knowledge: and if wrong principles and actions are carefully suppressed, learning and virtue will grow up and flourish almost of their own accord. Keep out evil and good must prevail, for the mind cannot be inactive.

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## THE BATTLE OF THE FLEAS.

## AFTER THE MANNER OF STERNE.

THESE are them same back-biters, cried I, seizing one of them with fury, that above all other nettles I detest—and I put you to death, added I, killing him in the name of my back-biter Mr. \*\*\*\*\*, and instantly another of them, seizing upon my back-bone, gave me a devil of a mangle—I snatched at him with my fingers, but he eluded my grasp, bouncing at a greater rate till I fortunately caught him—and now you wretch, cried I, thus do I destroy you; and this, cried I, catching another of them, is Mr. \*\*\*\*\*, and this Mr. \*\*\*\*\*. I am not naturally cruel, but the bites of these skippers fired my imagination, and similitude between fleas and them, made me terribly fierce:—Ah, said I, perhaps 'tis my own fault, that milk of human nature and my mother—if my blood was not sweet, the wretches would not attack me; 'tis the sweetest fruit the birds have been picking at.

## A STRIKING ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE following little narrative, which exhibits to the reader of sensibility a lively portrait of filial affection, on the one hand, furnishes, on the other, a trait highly expressive of that benevolence which so eminently distinguished the character of the illustrious Prince who knew so well how to reward it.

A gentleman of Sweden was condemned to suffer death as a punishment for certain offences committed by him in the discharge of an important public office, which he had filled for a number of years with an integrity that had never before undergone either suspicion or impeachment. His son, a youth of about eighteen years of age, was no sooner apprized of the predicament to which the wretched author of his being was reduced, than he flew to the Judge, who had pronounced the fatal decree, and, throwing himself at his feet, prayed that he might be allowed to suffer in the room of a father whom he adored, and whose loss, he declared, it was impossible for him to survive.

The magistrate was thunderstruck at this extraordinary procedure in the son, and could hardly be persuaded that he was sincere in it. Being at length satisfied, however, that the young man actually wished for nothing more ardently than to save his father's life, at the expence of his own, he wrote an account of the whole affair to the King; and the consequence was, that his Majesty immediately dispatched back the courier, with orders to grant a free pardon to the father, and to confer a title of honour on his incomparable son.

This last mark of royal favour, however, the youth begged leave with all humility, to decline; and the motive for his refusal of it was not less noble than the conduct by which he had deserved it, was generous and disinterested.

"Of what avail," exclaimed he, "could the most exalted title be to me, humbled as my family already is in the dust!—Alas! would it not serve but as a monument to perpetuate in the minds of my countrymen the direful remembrance of an unhappy father's shame!"

His Majesty actually shed tears when this magnanimous speech was reported to him; and, sending for the heroic youth to Court, he appointed him directly to the office of his *private confidential Secretary*.

## ANECDOTE OF CRILLON.

THE brave Crillon, one of the greatest captains of Henry IV. was hearing a discourse upon the passions, and the preacher giving a pathetic description of the scourging of our Saviour, the warrior moved even to tears, rose up and laying his hand on his sword, exclaimed— "Where wast thou, Crillon? where wast thou?"

INSCRIPTION WRITTEN AT THE ENTRANCE OF A WOOD.  
STOP, Sportman! nor with destructive hand—approach this wood, to solitude and contemplation sacred! nor with thy mortal thunder wound the feathered choir; who oft at early morn and silent eve waken sweet echo with their sweeter song. So shall the unseen Genius of the Wood reward with gentle slumbers thy humanity.

## ANECDOTE.

THE following anecdote will prove how much unexpected circumstances declare the character of a man.— At an entertainment some years ago at Naples, the following persons were assembled together, Prince Orloff, Cardinal Salviata, and Lord Tylney. The lightning fell upon the room where they were sitting, and shattered some part of it. After the instant alarm had subsided, a fourth person perceived that the hand of Prince Orloff was on his sword, Cardinal Salviati was on his knees praying with the greatest fervor, and Lord Tylney was discovered to be crying.



## NEW YORK.

## MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. SAMUEL ALLEN, to Miss CATHARINE CONREY, daughter of Mr. William Conrey—both of this city.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,  
From the 21st to the 28th instant.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at 8, A. M. 1, P. M. 6, P. M.	Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.
	deg. 100 deg. 100 deg. 100	8. 1. 6.	8. 1. 6.
JULY 21	77 81 76	N.E. S. do.	clear light wind do.
22	76 85 88	S. do. W.	cloudy, do. clear do.
23	74 50 78	S. N.E. S.E.	cloudy th. & lig. rain.
24	73 75 50	N.E. do.	rain. do. cloudy rain.
25	78 80 74	N. do. E.	cloudy light wind. do.
26	71 76 50	E. do. S.E.	cloudy do. clear do.
27	70 50 73 59	S.E. do. N.	cloudy, do. rain do.
28	69 75	W.	cloudy, do.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## ALEGRIA.

THE pomp and splendour of the present life,  
The joys of riches, and the charms of pow'r:  
Although the fruits of endless noise and strife,  
Are but the transient blessings of an hour.

All human joys are subject to decay,  
This life is like a tender fading flow'r,  
Which blooms in beauty, but to droop away,  
Beauty, the transient blessing of an hour.

The pleasing scenes we now behold with joy,  
To entertain, e'er long, will lose their pow'r;  
Our greatest pleasures, soon, too soon will cloy,  
They're but the transient blessings of an hour.

The many charms enliv'ning summer yields,  
Crown'd with the verdure of his fruitful store,  
The fragrant flow'rs, the sweetly pleasing fields,  
Are all the transient blessings of an hour.

For now dull winter comes with haggard mien,  
His air is fierce, his countenance is sour:  
'Tis thus, the pleasures which we here obtain,  
Are but the transient blessings of an hour.

ALEXIS.

New-YORK, July 23, 1795.

To the EDITOR of the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

You possess full liberty to reject or insert the following lines as your judgment or caprice may guide you—they were occasioned by a servant boy who lives in the house with me, having received a whipping for telling a falsehood—a vice he is very much addicted to. It may perhaps impress with dread the minds of youngsters who have the same propensity. Yours, &c.

4.

**I**N days of old I've heard it said,  
Should any one attempt to tread  
In paths but those of rigid truth,  
A spot appear'd upon his tooth,  
Or some such dreadful accident,  
That shew'd the persons bad intent,  
Would surely happen. In modern times,  
And also in our western climes,  
Should this decree remain in force  
And laws as these take their due course,  
Your hapless fate, Oh Tom! I dread,  
In piteous tone his mistress said,  
With tender gums and teeth decay'd  
(For your offences the sad meed),  
For then I fear with neither chop  
Could chew sour curd or mumble pop.

Should the contagion still continue  
As rapid as the cause within you,  
And each offence produce a sore  
On tooth or nail, in tongue or core,  
I weet before your thirtieth age,  
Nay 'ere you turn manhood's page,  
No debauchee—disease's son,  
Whose vicious race being almost run,  
Was e'er in half so bad a state—  
Alas! Alas! I weep your fate.

NEW-YORK, July 23, 1795.

—oooooooooooo—

#### ODE TO INNOCENCE.

**C**ELESTIAL star! from Heaven's empyreal height  
To earth descended; beatific bright,  
Refulgent gem of ev'ry social joy,  
From thee no pain can e'er the soul annoy.  
White rob'd, Oh! Innocence! thou placid guest,  
Form'd to delight and animate the breast,  
To soothe the savage, and to calm the heart,  
Unknown to flattery, undefiled by art;  
Sweet contemplation! How divinely clear,  
Transcendent far 'bove ev'ry comfort here!  
Oh! could the muse thy real form portray,  
And in true colours all thy worth display,  
How would the picture gratify the sight,  
Increase the fervor of sublime delight!  
When grateful shew'rs invite the varied bow,  
Its azure tints, or crimson beauties show.  
Not all those beauties, can compare with thine,  
So truly bright, so peerless, so divine!  
When man untaught, unskill'd in polish'd lays,  
With feeble efforts to describe thy praise;  
With judgment prais'd, invok'd the pious muse,  
To heed his theme, and not their boon refuse;  
The muses heard! retentive of the strain,  
Lent him a quill; he wrote, but wrote in vain!

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

#### ON VIRTUE.

Extracted from a manuscript, written by a gentleman, at the request of a lady.

**T**RUE virtue, is of celebrated fame,  
Known by too few, except it be in name—  
The government of virtue in the soul  
Doth ev'ry evil principle controul;  
She flies from all, that would her honour stain,  
Nor aught, but innocence, in her is seen.  
Honour and virtue they are much the same,  
Prompting the mind to glorious acts of fame.  
As from sweet fountains pleasant waters flow;  
And as good fruits upon good trees do grow;  
So words and actions of the purest kind,  
Flow from the fountain of a virtuous mind.  
They who possess a truly virtuous heart,  
Would with their life before their virtue part.  
"Virtue preserves us from the snares of ill,  
"When sense and passion err she guards us still."  
With virtue, we possess the richest store,  
Without her, are but wretched mean and poor,  
Give me but virtue and I ask no more.

4.

NEW-YORK, July 25, 1795.

—oooooooooooo—

#### ON THE INVENTION OF LETTERS.

From a Manuscript Selection of Poems, by a young Lady of this City.

**T**ELL me what genius did the art invent,  
The lively image of the voice to paint;  
Who first the secret how to colour found,  
And to give shape to reason, wisely found;  
With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught,  
And how to draw the picture of a thought;  
Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to hear,  
A silent language roving far and near;  
Whose softest noise outstrips loud thunder's sound,  
And spreads her accents thro' the world's vast round;  
A voice heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,  
Whose echo reaches long, long time to come;  
Which dead men speak as well as those alive—  
Tell me what genius did this art contrive.

#### ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

**T**HE noble art to Cadmus owes its rise,  
Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes;  
He first in wond'rous magic fetters bound  
The airy voice, and stopp'd the flying sound;  
The various figures by his pencil wrought,  
Gave colour, form, and body to the thought.